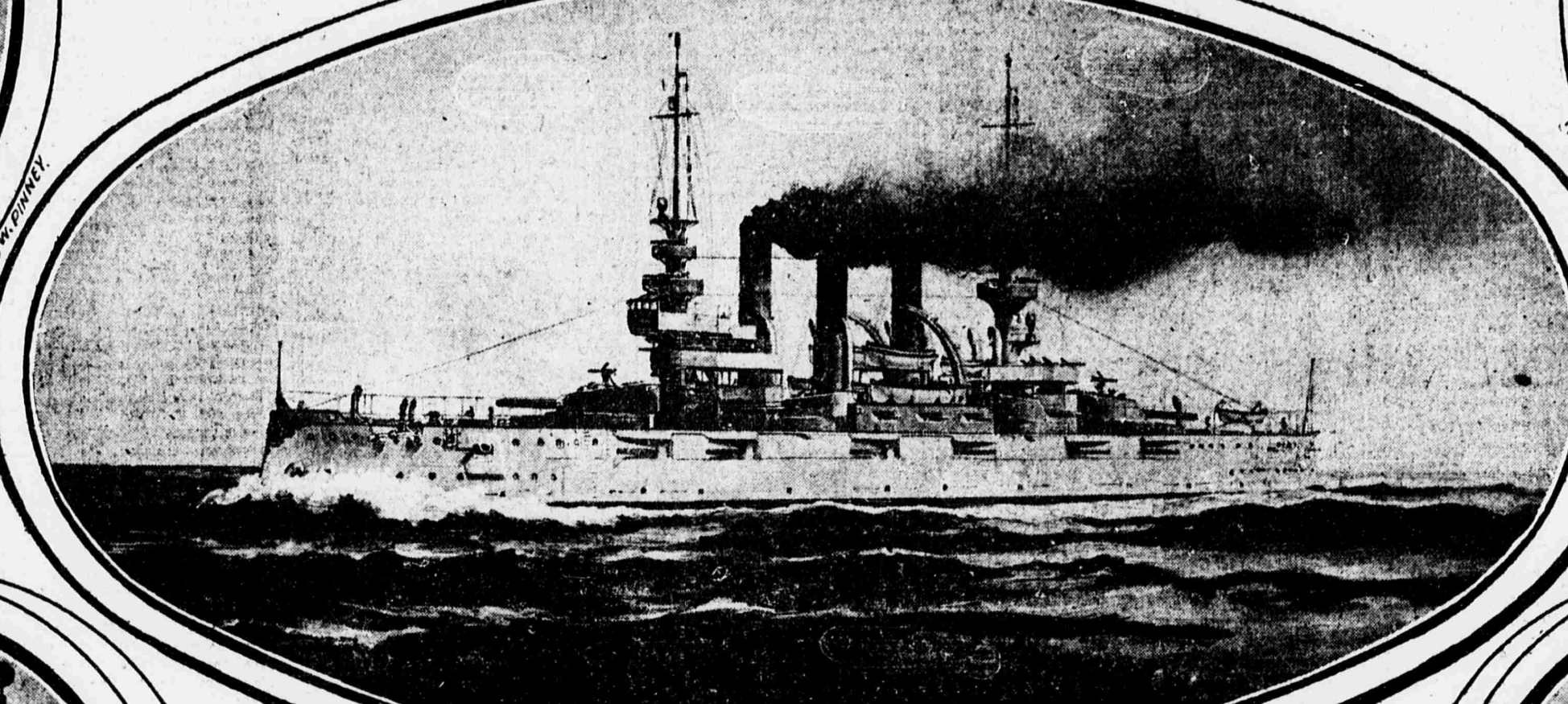


THE CONNECTICUT, THE NAVY'S MOST POWERFUL BATTLESHIP.



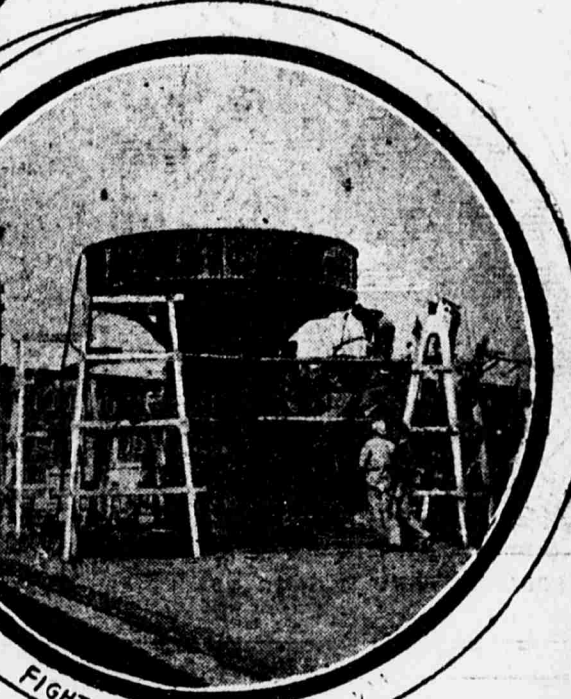
MISS ALICE WELLES.



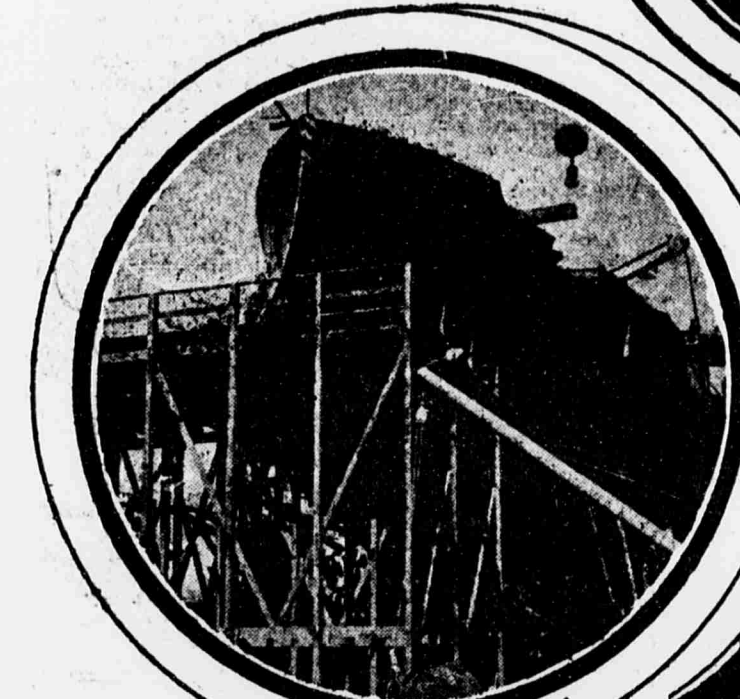
BATTLESHIP CONNECTICUT.



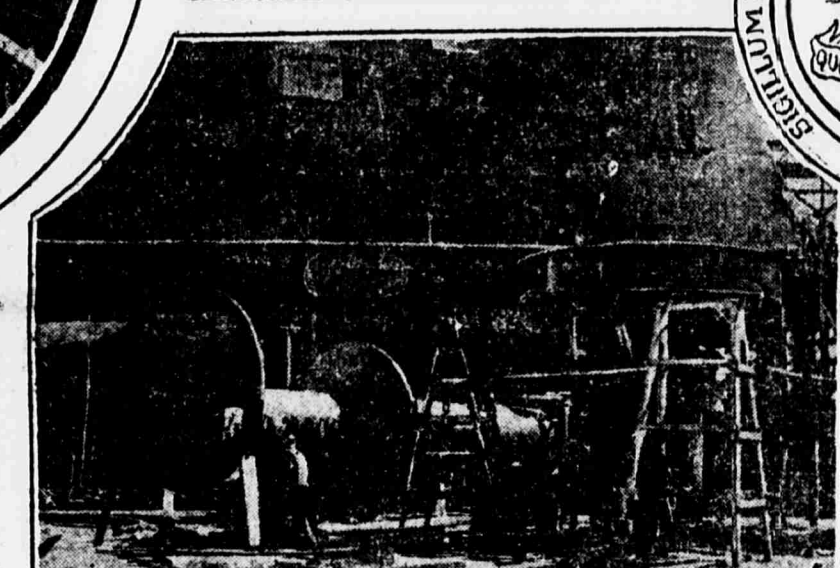
SEAL OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.



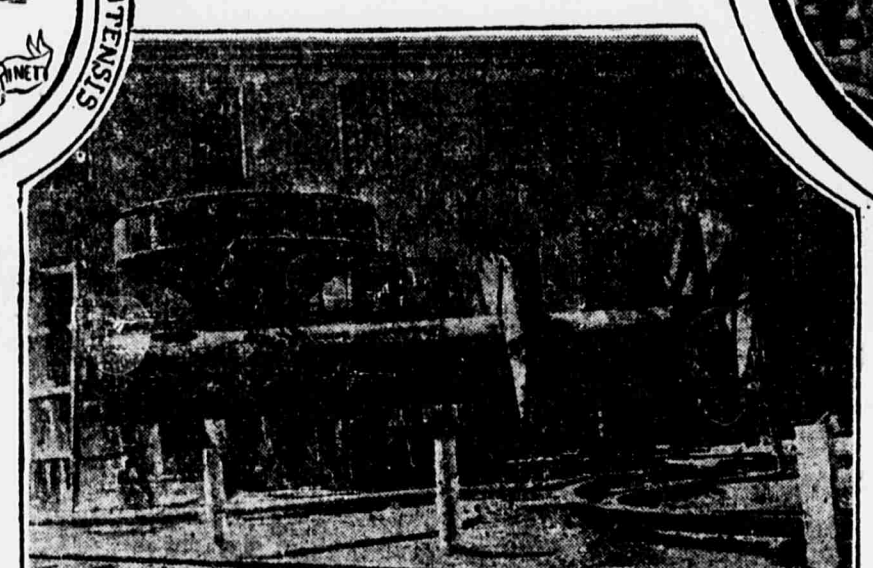
FIGHTING TOP



LAUNCHING PLATFORM.



SIDE VIEW OF CONNECTICUT



THE SECTION OF A MAST.

The battleship Connecticut will take her first plunge into the water at 11 o'clock next Thursday morning. She has been growing in the Brooklyn navy yard since March of last year and is now so far completed that nothing more can be done until she is moored alongside one of its piers.

The ceremony of giving the new war vessel her name will be performed by Miss Alice Welles, a granddaughter of Gideon Welles, who was Secretary of the Navy in President Lincoln's Cabinet; and there will be a large gathering at the navy yard to witness the launching.

The Governor of Connecticut and his staff, many prominent persons from that State, more New York State officials, Federal government officials and plain New Yorkers will be admitted. Thirty thousand invitations have been sent out by the committee in charge of the launching ceremonies.

Miss Welles will break a bottle of champagne on the bow of the ship as she starts down the ways to take her first plunge. The Christian Endeavor Society made its customary attempt to induce the Navy Department to dispense with the wine on this occasion and use only spring water, but Acting Secretary Darling, who was in charge of the Department when the petition was presented thought there was no reason why champagne should not be used in accordance with custom.

The Connecticut, when finished, will be the finest and most powerful battleship in the American navy. She will rank with the best battleships in other navies, and in some respects will be superior to anything afloat.

She is one of two battleships which were authorized by Congress in January, 1902. The Connecticut was to be built in the New York Navy Yard and the other in one of the private yards which could secure the contract. The sister ship is the

Louisiana, which has been built at Newport News. The rivalry between those in charge of the construction of the Connecticut and the Newport News concern is very keen. The Government wanted to build a battleship for itself for two reasons. One was to find out if it could be done as expeditiously in a Government yard as in a private yard, and the other to find out if the cost would be as great. The Louisiana was laid down in February, 1903, and the Connecticut in April of the same year. In spite of having to erect a plant in the navy yard to do the work and having all sorts of combinations formed to hinder its progress, the completion of the Connecticut is only a few months behind the Louisiana.

For the Connecticut great trouble has been experienced in getting material. There have been delays in procuring the armor plate and other things needed, but the work has made good progress. The Louisiana was launched early this month and the Connecticut, although laid down two months later than the Louisiana, is taking her first plunge into the water.

The ill-fated Maine was the last vessel of any size built in the Brooklyn yard. She was a vessel of 6,682 tons and was built

in the old granite building slip from which many of the wooden ships of the old navy were launched. The Connecticut is 16,000 tons, and a new slip had to be built for her. The same Congress that authorized her construction appropriated \$175,000 for fitting the navy yard for the job. With this money material for the slip was purchased, and the work of driving piles, excavating and building a foundation and extending the crane way was at once begun.

The keel of the new battleship was laid on March 10, 1903, the stem erected on July 28 in the same year, the first armor was received on Jan. 9 last and put in place on April 24. The first boiler was put on board on July 7.

The Connecticut is a steel vessel, unsheathed. She will have two screws, three funnels, two military masts, two main and four secondary turrets and a main deck central battery. She is 450 feet long on the load water line. Over all she measures 456.4 feet. Her greatest beam is 76.10 feet and her draught 24.6 feet.

She will displace 16,000 tons on her trial and her maximum displacement will be 17,776 tons. With her greatest displacement her draught will be 26 feet 9 inches. Her engines are to indicate 16,500 horsepower, and these will drive her at the rate of 18 knots an hour. Her coal bunker capacity when in normal trim will be 900 tons, but in an emergency she will be able to carry 2,200 tons. She will carry sufficient coal to

enable her to steam 7,000 miles at the rate of 11 knots an hour or 2,500 miles at the maximum rate of 18 knots.

To protect her from the enemy's shot and shell this huge fighting machine has a total weight of 3,962 tons of armor. On each side amidships there is a steel belt 193 feet long, 9 feet 3 inches wide and 11 inches thick. Forward and aft of this belt is another 9 inches thick, covering the magazines. This is ended by 6-inch bulkheads. On the lower deck for 284 feet the armor is 6 inches thick and on the main deck for 239 feet, where the central battery is, the armor is 7 inches thick. The protected deck is 1 1/2 inches thick on the flat and 2 1/2 inches on the slopes. The main turrets are 8 inches thick with 12 1/2-inch faces. There are two of these. The barbette is covered with 10 inches of armor, and the secondary turrets with 8 inches of armor with 6 1/2-inch faces. The conning tower is protected with steel armor 9 inches thick, and the signal tower with 6 inches of steel.

The Connecticut will have a very powerful battery. She will carry four 12-inch breechloading guns, one pair in the forward turret and the other pair aft. She will have eight 6-inch guns in pairs in turrets at the corners of the superstructure. There will be twelve 7-inch quickfiring guns in the main deck central battery, six to a broadside. Then she will have twelve 14-pounders, twelve 3-pounders, six 1-pound automatic guns, two 1-pound semi-automatic guns and eight .30-inch machine

guns. In battle she will throw a perfect hail of steel on the enemy. She will carry in her magazines 50 rounds for each 12-inch gun, 100 rounds for each 6-inch gun, 100 rounds for each 7-inch gun, 300 rounds for each 3-inch gun, 600 rounds for each 3-pounder and 900 rounds for each 1-pounder. When in commission she will have 42 officers and 761 men. She is to be fitted for use as a flagship.

This will be the third vessel to bear the name of Connecticut in the United States Navy. The first was built at Middletown, Conn., in 1798. The second was a wooden side wheeler, purchased in 1861 and used during the civil war. This vessel cost \$200,000, and was sold at auction in 1885 for \$131,000.

When Congress authorized the construction of the latest Connecticut, the limit of cost was placed at \$4,212,000. There were to be two vessels of this type. The Newport News Shipbuilding Company when it got the contract to build the sister ship Louisiana, bid \$3,900,000.

Work on the Connecticut has been carried on under the supervision of Assistant Naval Constructor Richard H. Robinson. Mr. Robinson was born at Ravenna, Ohio, in 1875, and was graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis with honors in 1898. He then went to the University of Glasgow, where he took a special course in designing and construction. When he returned to this country he was assigned to the

Crumpp yard, and watched the work on the battleships Alabama, Maine, Colorado and Pennsylvania.

Four years Constructor Robinson spent at this yard. Then he went to the Neef & Levy yard to represent the Department in the construction of other vessels. He was ordered to the Brooklyn navy yard in August, 1902, and put in charge of the work on the Connecticut.

Launching a vessel the size of the Connecticut is not a small matter. The huge hull stands on land now, her bow so high in the air that it towers above the roofs of the shops in the yard. A big crane, movable so that it can be set at any part of the vessel, stands on one side. With this the heavy armor plate has been lifted into place and riveted.

The men have worked like beavers to get the ship ready on time. Last week the crane hoisted the fighting tops into place. One is set on each mast and the tops themselves weigh more than seven tons. While work on the vessel has been going on, the ways down which she is to slide into the water have been prepared. They are tracks of solid timbers well greased with tallow. A cradle has been built under the hull to hold the vessel. This cradle rests on the ways. It is composed of blocks of wood well fitted together, and when the weight of the vessel is lifted off it will fall apart by the buoyancy of the water.

Just before the vessel is to be launched a hundred workmen will drive under this

cradle wedges which will lift the hull off the permanent ways and place it so that when released it will slide easily down the incline into the water.

This incline must be adjusted to a nicety. It must not be too great an angle or the vessel will move too fast, and if it is not great enough there is danger of the vessel sticking in the ways, an omen of dire ill in the opinion of all seamen.

When all is ready the only thing that will hold the vessel on the land will be what is called a sole piece; that is, a piece of timber about four feet long and six inches thick. At a signal from the officer in charge of the launching two men will begin to saw this piece in two. As the saws cut their way through the wood the foreman will call out how many more inches are left.

Finally the wood will break and the vessel will begin to slide. At the first shiver Miss Welles will smash the bottle on the bow, name the warship Connecticut and wish her good luck.

As soon as the Connecticut floats tugs will run alongside and stop her way. She will then be brought back to the yard and moored alongside one of the piers near where she was built. The work of finishing her is to be rushed along. At present she is only a hull with her armor on. Her engines, which have already been set up, are to be put aboard. The work of fitting out the interior fittings is completed and a hundred and one other things will have to be done before the vessel is ready for a trial. This work will take at least eighteen months. Then, if after being tried she is found to be fit, she will be formally added to the navy.

Among those who are to be at the navy yard to witness the launching are Gov. Chamberlain of Connecticut and his staff, Gov. Odell of New York and his staff, Mayor George B. McClellan, Rear Admiral F. B. Cooper, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral W. S. N.; Brig.-Gen. Mills, U. S. A.; Rear Admiral Sands, U. S. N.; Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, August Belmont, Vice-Commodore A. C. Boswick, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ledyard, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Low, Police Commissioner William McAdoo, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Munn and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Ward and many other prominent folk.

"HORSEING" TIME AT PRINCETON

SOPHOMORES HAVING FUN WITH THE FRESHMEN.

They Don't Call It Hazing, but It Involves a Kind of Torture, Nevertheless—Samples of What the Freshmen Undergo—A Joke Played on the Sophomores.

This year the merry sport of "horsing" freshmen was carried on with great vigor at Princeton University. Hazing is barred by the Princeton faculty, but "horsing" is a recognized semi-official.

In the college lexicon "to haze" means to inflict physical indignities mixed with more or less cruelty. "To horse" means to inflict mental and moral torture, mixed with more or less undergraduate humor.

By the unwritten college law the freshmen submit to it meekly, if he wants to be popular. No one can make him stand for horsing, but if a freshman should have the audacity to refuse there would be a worse fate coming to him.

Twenty young men, who looked very much alike except for their clothes, stood on the border of the Princeton campus, just where it meets Hell Alley, last Thursday afternoon. They wore short coats, trousers and hats fitted them reluctantly, and most extraordinary effects in orange and black hats.

They, and he would break into a run. Then his horsing would proceed.

Three young chaps walked quietly out of Hell Alley and tried to escape. Two wore the little flat cap, thus showing that they had learned the style of dress befitting freshmen. The third, as slim and young as the rest, had the audacity to sport a gray felt hat.

The sophomores nodded their gaudy bonnets and set up a wild howl. "Freshman in a hat! All you freshmen come over here! Hit it up!"

The two good freshmen in caps came over at once. The third hesitated and got himself disliked by the sophomores. Finally he too followed on a dog trot.

"Afraid, Freshie?" asked the chief tormentor, who wore a sombrero with a black brim a yard wide and an orange crown a foot high.

"Keep him for the last; he's the freshest yet," said a sophomore, in a cocked hat with an orange and black pompon.

The freshman pulled his cap out of his mouth as he spoke and popped it in again when he had done.

"Suppose you take the affirmative on the subject: 'Why is a hen?'"

The freshman teetered from foot to foot and looked foolish and smiled.

"He smiles!" said a sopho, who wore an orange hat like a fireman's helmet. "This is no matter for laughing, and that's no joke. The freshman is a fool. Wipe it off!"

The freshman hesitated, then removed his cap and wiped his mouth, and sure enough the smile came off.

"Now step on it, and let's hear it squeak." The sophomores roared as the victim let out a thin, freshman squeak.

His trousers were rolled up, and his garters were inspected to see if they were orthodox black, with the warning that if they were red or pink it would go hard with him. They were all right, and his stockings showed no sign of a decorative pattern. So they let him go, yelling to him to hit it up as he ran.

"The Sweet Bye and Bye," which they said was the latest popular tune that he could possibly know. When he said that he couldn't sing, they replied that now was a splendid time to learn.

They were getting a little tired of him by this time, so he was made to hit it up down Hell Alley and attention was turned to the freshman who had dared to wear a hat on the second day in college. He had been standing quietly, looking at the sport with an awed expression.

"Your fate will be awful, freshman," said a sophomore in a cross between a stowpale hat and a shako, as he led the victim forward.

Just then a junior, bearing on his hat-band the colors of his club, passed down the street and hesitated before the group. It was the junior's business, as a class father of the sophomores, to break up that horsing on the spot. He started, indeed, but when he saw the victim he lifted his eyebrows, turned away, and went and sat on the fence as though the matter didn't concern him at all.

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"Your fate will be awful, freshman," said a sophomore in a cross between a stowpale hat and a shako, as he led the victim forward.

to make a hole. When it was big enough he had to shout down it and ask the devil who was going to win the rush. His Majesty answered through the freshman that '08 had a cinch.

It was agreed that this victim wasn't much fun. He was engaged too fresh. "This is a queered freshman, and more stunt before they turned him loose."

He had to take off his coat and box three rounds with himself. When the junior on the fence heard this sentence, he was observed to stuff his hat into his mouth and shake his fists up and down with the greatest satisfaction.

The victim wouldn't take off his coat at first; he protested that he couldn't box without it. So they unbuttoned it for him and threw it wide open. And then the victim was decided to have a little fun. From his watch chain hung a Phi Beta Kappa key, about that was a class pin which read "University of Chicago, '09."

"I'm sorry you made me open up," said the victim, pleasantly. "I haven't had so much fun since I graduated."

At about the same time, the constituted university authorities had similar troubles over by the chapel. The faculty, in official academic gowns, had just marched over from the library to open college with appropriate ceremonies. The pious and studious part of Princeton followed.

And then a procession of sophomores swept down the campus, following four freshmen, who were marching in lo-step. The front man pushed a toy wheelbarrow and the last one pulled a doll's baby carriage. At intervals they yelled, being prompted from behind:

An overworked Irish proctor, who had been quenching disturbances all day, bore down on them, snatched away the paraphernalia, and made oration thus:

"This has gone far enough! Fun is fun, but the place for yes is the chapel. Joogie fast now, or I'll report the last one of 'em!"

The crowd looked duly impressed, all but one small, quiet young man, who stood by on the sidewalk and grinned.

"Take that grin off yer face!" yelled the proctor.

The gentleman still continued to grin. "If ye don't squelch that grin, I'll take yer name!" howled the proctor.

And still the gentleman grinned, and the proctor roared: "I have ye before the faculty! Give me yer name and class!"

"Certainly," said the grinner. "A. Smith, '09 Yale."

All the zeal left the proctor on the spot, and the sophomores proceeded with the procession.

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